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great mountain has been molded into a pyramid with wide terraced steps, on the levels of which terraces trains of cars puff about like minute insects gifted with the power to emit smoke. It is Bingham, Utah, a straggling town set in a forbidding landscape of mountains. Mr. Lie manages to give the feeling of rock-structure, of geological strata, and not a little of the power of ant-like man to model the face of nature. He has his artistic limits, however, for the atmosphere, the aerial perspective is very crude, his brush refusing to tell the finer side of the scene in order to lighten the coarse realism of its oppressiveness. Mr. Lie seems innocent of those expedients that come to artists of greater subtlety in the use of color and of light and shade. Curious and interesting as records of facts, these pictures leave much to be desired on the side of poetry.

The same galleries offer a large collection of etchings by James McBey in which one notes with surprise how versatile is the hand that can draw so many places so well and in so many different styles, from Rembrandt to Goya, from Goya to Whistler. He has his needle at his command in a brilliant fashion; luckily he possesses also taste and love of the picturesque. Making the campaign against the Germans, he includes war topics like "The Somme Front," "Français Inconnus" and "The Sussex Stranded." It is a pleasure to look at drypoints and etchings by so good a workman.

NETHERLANDERS AT THE ARTS

Since the close of the Panama-Pacific Fair at San Francisco the exhibit made by Holland has been "starring" the country and at present is bringing its New York visit to an end at the National Arts Club. A collection of 158 pictures that include a few water-colors and drawings, brought together by Mr. G. E. de Vries, is held to represent the art of easel-painting in the Netherlands. It does not represent it very well, but in such matters one must be content with what can be obtained from living artists, and as for men deceased like Israels, Antoon Mauve, Mattieu and Jakob Maris, one has to put up with such pictures as art dealers or private owners may condescend to lend.

However inadequately, the little exhibit reflects some of the modern views of art fashion and more of the aspects of former times. A breath of the grand style of the old Venetian colorists animates the little figure by Willem van den Berg, a painter and etcher who like many Dutch artists comes of a painter family and has traveled far and wide. "Boy with Bowl of Fruit" stands apart from the plodding realists because it has a gesture of eyes, face and arms that relieves it in a measure from the feeling of convention and pose. Tones of fruit and tunic and curly hair and of the interesting if not beautiful features give it a dull-glowing charm of color. Paler, but still imposing by its broad, simple masses is the little figure of a shepherdess with staff and sheep, a sibyl, ancient figure rather than a "pastoral," as the picture calls itself. There is the big touch of J. B. Millet and the more remote Michelangelo; there is style, if eclectic. Notable also is his "Persian Blue."

Louis van Soest, a Hollander born in Java, who took a medal in St. Louis and has pictures

in several American and many European art galleries, is more than commonly fetching when he tries for the snowscape under soft sunshine. "Winter Sun" is convincing. Clever and sketchy for a distant view but very nice in tones is his "Carnival" with amateur clown singing and playing the mandolin and strollers looking on. In snow and soft wintry atmosphere Martinus Kramer, however, runs him hard—perhaps surpasses him as to the mere brushwork—for Kramer's long literal landscape "Wintertime in Holland" is moist with the very breath of melting snow. But is not in any high sense a picture. It is a section of landscape; apparently any other section were as good.

Literal *genre* goes far in W. S. de Groot's interior: "After the Funeral." Two black-beavered, black-coated, long-visaged men who might have stepped out of a novel by Charles Dickens, and yet have the Holland touch, are drinking "hollands" at a table; their conventional grief is in contrast to the bewildered but genuine trouble of a child in the background. Altogether too literal and photographic is van Walchren's "The Buccaneers" in whose half-nude bodies and insignificant faces one misses every quality of devilishness and daring we must perforce attribute to the scourers of the Spanish Main.

"The Looking Glass" and "Springtime of Life" show Mynheer Nicolaas van der Waay emulous of the fame of *feu* Bouguereau and Cabanel, so handsome are his drawing and coloring in the figure of a peach-bloom girl. These modern Dutchmen appear to have found again the lost red of the sixteenth century, if one may judge by the red robes of these pretty, almost too saccharine girls, clad in most becoming Dutch costume. Hobbe Smith is another realist who prefers the fisher folk; an old, very capable person is that one whose carefully wrought profile portrait we find here. Miss Bertha Gori contributes in water-color the portrait of an old lady wrought in the same patient and exact, uncompromising fashion—not a black mark or a wrinkle omitted. The Hollanders are still strongest in landscape notwithstanding the loss of many of the group that existed parallel with, rather than subsequent to, the Barbizon group of France. If one fails to find men of genius there is evidence enough to show that the patient hand and the judicious eye for nuances in color and form are still part of Dutch mastery.

STATE MUSEUM FOR NEW MEXICO

Santa Fé claims the title of the oldest city in the United States, having been founded a century and a half before the Missions of California. It was long the terminus of the old Santa Fé Trail. Now it is the proud owner of a museum that contains many objects belonging to cliff-dwellers who lived long before Columbus, souvenirs of the Spanish discoverers and most modern paintings setting forth the appearance, habits and customs of latter-day Indians. The museum building reflects the style of Spanish architects of the seventeenth century adapted to the needs of the missionaries. Recently inaugurated, the ceremonies are being followed by a series of tours to the Grand Canyon, San Diego, Pasadena, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Francisco arranged for the visitors who want to see the most interesting scenery and cities

of the Southwest before returning. Tourists from New York are scheduled to reach home the day before Christmas. Of course a number of Indian pueblos are among the points visited. Paintings by Eanger I. Couse, E. L. Blumenschein, Julius Rolshoven and others who make Indians their special study are exhibited in the new museum together with pictures by Robert Henri, Walter Ufer, J. H. Sharp, O. E. Berminghaus and others who have portrayed the Pueblo and other Indians during the past three decades. Tourists from the Atlantic coast are cared for by the American Express Company. Santa Fé has a School of American Research with Dr. Edgar L. Hewitt as director and now launches a museum and art gallery on an astonished world.

THE ARTIST LACKING IN OUR GLASSWORKS

Ten years ago an improved laboratory glassware, made in this country, was offered on the market. Government tests showed it to be better than any imported. But chemists themselves were bluffed out of using it by the persuasive voice of the German agent. Circumstances over which we have had no control have demonstrated to us that a German accent is not of necessity the voice of truth, and yet there we sat, pop-eyed and open-mouthed in wonder and admiration, when they told us that Jena glass was "standard." Nobody would buy that American glass. But under the whip of necessity we buy it now and marvel at its merit. It really seems as though, compared with the German selling-agent, the American commercial traveler was a shy and modest violet—a soul of whispers and blushes. In the meantime, still greater improvements have been made, and these have led to the development of glass kitchenware and baking dishes, which is a step forward in household practice. A metal dish or pan reflects the heat away from the sides, whereas a glass dish lets it through. Therefore, a glass dish saves both heat and time in baking.

I want to emphasize the fact that we Americans are very like other people and that while we are doing pretty well in chemistry, the old foggy is prevalent among us. When Ernest Solvay's ammonia process for making soda ash was established here the product was pure and white. For economical reasons they packed it in large containers. The imported soda ash, made by the Leblanc process, came in small containers, and it had a yellowish tinge. We (for the old fogies are as much part of us as are the clever ones) would not have it; we wanted that yellow stain and the small barrels because we were used to them. When they put a little yellow coloring matter into the soda and packed it in small barrels we began to buy. They do not have to do so any more, but the practice had to continue until a good many first-class funerals had taken place.

Coming back to a consideration of glassware and the products of sand and clay, the most intricate apparatus are shown; indeed, the cleverness of American craftsmen working under scientific control is something that strikes the observant eye far more effectively than a mountain of soap or a great display of fancy bottles. And yet, not only is the display of fancy and beautiful glassware and porce-

lain lacking, but the fact is we do not make it in any considerable volume. The materials for glass and porcelain are at hand, the chemistry to produce articles of infinite variety and beauty is available, but when it comes to obtaining, for instance, tableware of grace and loveliness, we are likely to find that which is most appealing is imported. Now, why is this?

The answer is simple—we haven't the skilled labor. But the reason why we have not the skilled labor is far from simple. Let us see, however, if we can not make a guess at it. When a man achieves sufficient skill to make wares of exceptional beauty out of any materials he must have that quality of taste which recognizes the difference between that which is good and that which is not good; he must be enough of an artist to sense beauty when he has it before him. If he is only a hand in a factory, with more interest in his pay than in the quality of his work, he can turn out good, standard stuff, fair enough for anybody to use; but he will not, because he can not, under the circumstances, make exceptional wares. To make these requires an artist, and the artist, with his discriminating taste, finds delight in the thing of beauty and distress in that which lacks it. He enjoys his work more than the ordinary worker and he suffers more over it. One day is not at all like another. In making glass or porcelain ware, for instance, he has more than a job; he has a profession. Just as the physician likes to succeed with a difficult case and is disappointed if his methods fail, so the artist worker gets nervous over his task, and has his good days and his bad ones. He wants good pay and he gets it, but he wants a great deal more. He wants to speak his own language, he wants to select his own friends, he wants to hear his good work praised for comfort's sake, and he wants friendly criticism from his fellow-craftsmen.

The chances are that he has never heard of sanitary plumbing, but it is still more likely that he tends a little flower garden and has a favorite spot of green grass where he occasionally lies down of a summer afternoon. He may be especially fond of a local brew of beer or a *vin du pays*, both of which may injure his health, but it is impossible to persuade him that this is so. Now, we have little potteries in this country that make articles of surprising beauty, and they get \$100 for an inkstand. This proves our poverty in beautiful wares because it shows how scarce they are. In vitrics and ceramics, so far as the artistic quality of our products is concerned, we are way behind France, Saxony, and Bohemia. Chemically and technically we have caught up with them. We shall meet them artistically when we learn how to deal with the artistic temperament. To the man with a sense of order and a love for organization, the artistic temperament offers problems to rack his soul. Selah.

—*Ellwood Hendrick in New York Times.*

SOME RECENT BOOKS

Memoirs of the American Academy in Rome. Using the imprint of a firm at Bergamo, the American Academy in Rome has published a noble folio as an earnest of what may be expected from the men who enjoy the privileges of the villa on the Janiculum. An account of this building in which